

THE KITCHEN

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Special Thanks to Gersten Epstein

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Legal Counsel for The Kitchen:
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MICHELE ANNE DE MEY

Face A Face

NOVEMBER 12 & 13, 1987

WISSEL THEATRE

Ou Est la Bete?

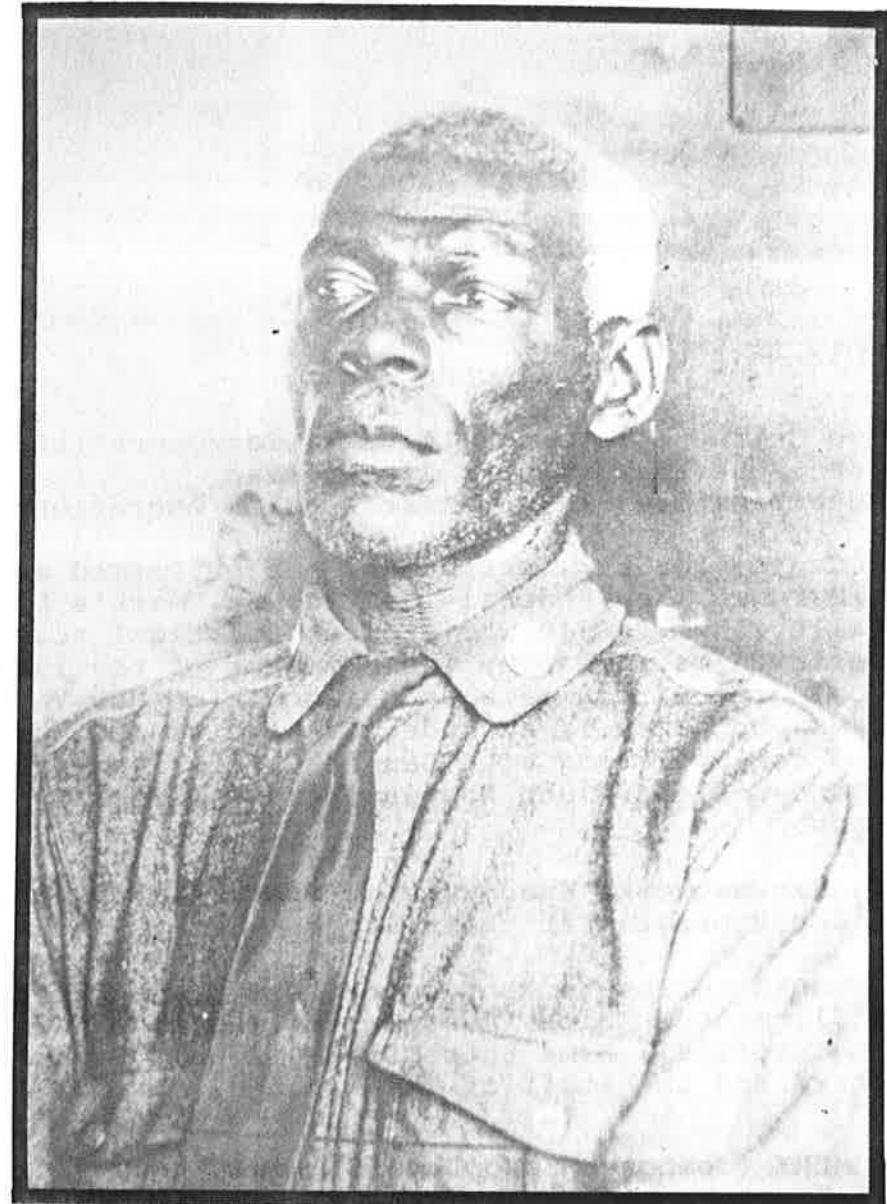
NOVEMBER 14-15, 1987

WIM VANDEKEYBUS

What The Body Does Not Remember

NOVEMBER 19 & 20, 1987

The Kitchen is supported in part by the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, Art Matters, Inc., Asian American Cultural Council, Birch Foundation, the Capezio Foundation (Ballet Makers, Inc.), the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, Chase Manhattan Bank, Citibank, Cowles Charitable Trust, Japan Foundation, JCI Foundation, the Jerome Foundation, Joyce Mertz-Gilmore Foundation, Meet the Composer, Samuel I. Newhouse Foundation, Overbrook Foundation, Emma A. Shearer Charitable Trust, Wallace Funds, the Shubert Organization, the Alliance Capital Management Corporation Mutual Funds, American Broadcasting Companies, Inc., American Telephone and Telegraph, Columbia Pictures, Consolidated Edison, Equitable Life Assurance, the Exxon Corporation, the Mobil Foundation, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, Philip Morris Companies, Inc., Helena Rubinstein Foundation, Goethe House New York, Morris & Rose Goldman Foundation, Matching Gift Programs of Reader Digest Foundation and Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, The New York Bus Company, and by members and private contributors.



ROBBIE McCAULEY

IN

INDIAN BLOOD

November 4-7, 1987

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The Kitchen Crew

Joe Beirne Sound Installation/Operation
John Schertler Master Electrician
Ruth Yamamoto Video Installation/Operation

Robbie McCauley (writer, performer) has performed at Franklin Furnace, New Federal Theatre, St. Mark's Danspace & Tin Pan Alley, "her family war stories political soap operas serial." Ms. McCauley was a member of the 1983 Theatre Delegation to Nicaragua. A long time New York actress, Ms. McCauley is an Audelco Award recipient. She is now collaborating with Laurie Carlos, Jessica Hagedorn and designer John Woo in Thought Music, a trio performance.

Thanks to Harvestworks Inc. Some of the music was arranged in a residency program at their Studio Pass.

Special Thanks to Jessie Montgomery (who plays the ukelele in Video 3), Mother Anita, Aunt Marie (who continues to tell me stories), Esme Butterfield, Conrad Kinard, Tom Shephard and the staff of The Kitchen.

ED MONTGOMERY (Composer/Saxophone/Clarinet) has been collaborating with Ms. McCauley since 1979 writing and producing performance pieces, plays, video and sound recordings.

JAY JOHNSON (Stage Design) is a political artist working in New York City.

THURSTON REYES (Light Design) 186,000 miles per second is not just a good idea...it's the law. Thurston has designed shows for The Actor's Collective, The Harlem Children's Theatre and The Kuumba Players.

MARTIN AUBERT (Guitar/Banjo/Mandolin) has played with many Jazz and Funk artists including Lionel Hampton, Ornette Coleman, Jackie Byard, Fifth Dimension and Defunkt, and with the Broadway Orchestras of A Chorus Line, Me and My Girl, and Starlight Express.

LINDA AUSTIN aka "L.A." (Percussionist) performs both locally and abroad and has just finished laying down tracks on the soon to be released Melba Moore/Freddie Jackson Album. An instructor of Drum and Percussion at Austin Dancers Queens/ New York, L.A. is determined to become "the percussionist of everyone's request."

LUCY GALLIHER (Keyboards/Synth/Flute) studied piano at Berkeley College of Music and Oberlin College: "the main way I've learned to play is by studying with people... just earning my dues playing." Lucy has played with many artists including John Handy, Dr. Eddie Harrison and Jazz vocalist John Hendricks.

APRIL GREENE (Keyboard/Vocalist) co-stars with Frankie Castle in IRONIX and will be rockin' at Limelight on November 11th & 29th.

VERNA HAMPTON (Performer/Stage Manager) "It's about the work."

IAN DE GRUCHY (Slide Production) is a slide artist whose work in New York has been at The Kitchen, 8BC, Pyramid Club, Danceteria and Limelight.

THE KITCHEN

VIDEO

MUSIC

DANCE

PERFORMANCE FILM

512 West 19th St. (Btwn 10th & 11th Aves) New York, NY 10011

Reservations: 255-5793



True Confessions

INDIAN BLOOD. A performance by Robbie McCauley, presented by the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street. (Closed.)

In her ongoing series of multimedia monologues, Robbie McCauley lays out her experiences in concentric circles, enclosing personal stories in history, and history in the details of childhood events. Then, like a girl playing Chinese jump rope, she pulls and stretches on the circumferences until they criss-cross in intricate, elastic patterns. Earlier installments of *Confessions of a Working Class Black Woman* centered on the military exploits of McCauley's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather: "There was never a war we weren't in fighting for them"—and her painful separation from all they held dear as she became radicalized.

In this segment she uses some of the

same sardonic stories, but *Indian Blood*, more slickly produced with its larger-than-life slides and full backup band, adds a new strand. Here McCauley focuses on her grandfather, who had a military position he said "was a great opportunity for a colored man," though "I had to kick the Indians to keep my job." Like Jews with consciousness about Palestinians, McCauley can't shake a nasty guilt, even though she understands how such events are manipulated by power structures that depend on division to remain intact. "They say I have Indian blood in my veins," she says. "I think I got it on my hands."

At times, the writing gets preachy, but it never gets lazy and, more remarkably, never tries to make us feel guilty. McCauley invites us to enter into her intelligent, passionate attempt to work out the contradictions of told and untold histories. Her self-consciousness as a storyteller and her carefully casual delivery—she serves the audience sliced apples and Fig Newtons—creates a surprisingly embracing tone, and her rage, though palpable, comes across gently. The band supports that mood with energetic vamps on drumming synthesizers and a conversational sax; now and then, it breaks out into full, lovely ballads. Meanwhile, Verna Hampton, billed as "performer/stage manager," keeps tossing in wisecracks that tilt McCauley's material into yet another ironic frame.

At one point, McCauley refers to her performance as "obsessing in public," but her obsession rises far above the usual self-confessional claptrap because it never remains self-involved. Beginning where so many performance artists end, McCauley makes her personal experience metonymic, a part of the whole, and, at times, even metaphoric. "They told us we should all work to get a piece of the pie," she says, referring to her typical American education. "But I'm diabetic."

—Alisa Solomon